

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

Vol. II.]

W E D N E S D A Y, NOVEMBER 23, 1796.

[No. 73.]

ON LAUGHING.

TO form a true judgment of a person's temper, begin with an observation on his *laugh*; for the people are never so unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face; but for method sake, it will be necessary to point out the several kinds of laughing, under the following heads:

The dimplers.—The smilers.—The laughers.—The grinners.—The horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover. This was called by the ancients, the chain-laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue; it expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, and does not disorder the features too much, and is therefore practised by lovers of the most delicate address.

The grin is generally made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh is made use of with great success, in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This, upon all occasions, supplies the want of reason, and is received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude has a wonderful esteem for the chain-laugh or dimple; she looks upon all other kinds of laughter as *excessives* of levity, and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests, to disorder her features with a smile; her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character; all her modesty seems collected into her face, and but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple. The effeminate fop, by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, is in the same situation, and you may generally see him admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The young widow is only a chain for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to

make her face sympathise with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rule of decency is never allowed to smile, till the first offer or advance to her is over.

The wag generally calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which some people term sneerers. They always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature; but they should consider, that let them do what they will, they never can laugh away their own folly by sneering at other people's.

The coquette has a great deal of the sneerer in her composition; but she must be allowed to be a proficient in laughter, and one who can run through all the exercise of the features: she subdues the formal lover with the dimple---accosts the fop with a smile---joins with the wit in a downright laugh:---to vary the air of her countenance, she frequently rallies with a grin---and when she hath ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, she, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

At present the most fashionable is a mixture of the horse-laugh and the grin, so happily blended together, that the teeth are shown without the face being distorted.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND AVARICE.

SOME rich men starve to-day for fear of starving to-morrow, (as a man leaps into the sea to avoid being drowned) and the indigent often consume in an hour what they may feel the want of a year: as if old people hoarded money because they cannot want it, and young men throw it away because it is necessary to their subsistence.

He is rich enough that needs neither flatter nor borrow, and truly rich that is satisfied: want lies in desire.

History tells us of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser in nature.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
 32, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
 UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 155.)

O! Why did he request me in *such* a manner to make him a sacrifice which would have rendered me miserable! I wished then the first time in my life, that he had spoken to me in a menacing, menacing, or only in a harsh tone, then I should have had a pretext for resisting him, and enforcing my own will. But how could I have had the courage to contradict that tender solicitation, that entreating persuasion of a father. And yet, was I not necessitated to do something worse, to counteract my parent? I never felt more strongly than at that moment, that it was utterly impossible for me to renounce the possession of Amelia. Alas! never was a situation more unfortunate than mine, and never has a human heart been reduced to such a dreadful conflict with itself by two people so dear as my father and Amelia were to me.

I looked around with weeping eyes in search of a person to whom I could unbohem my straitened heart. I went to the Marquis of Ferri*a.*

I had not informed him of my return; he uttered a scream of joy when he saw me enter his apartment. However, his satisfaction at my return made room to sorrow, when I acquainted him with my deplorable situation. "Yes, my friend!" said he, after he had viewed me some minutes with looks of pity, "if it is in your power to subdue that passion, then let me implore you—"

"Don't finish that sentence!" I interrupted him, "it is impossible!"

"If that is the case, then only two ways are left to you "to attain the consent of your father; one of which is "tedious and rugged, but straight."

"Name it!"

"You must endeavour to work upon the nerves of the "paternal heart in such a manner, that his affection for "you gets the better of his ambition."

"And the second—"

"It is a bye-road which will lead you soon and safely "to the mark---serpents are, however, lurking on that "road, and tigers lying in ambush—"

"Don't name it!"

"I will name it, in order to caution you against it---it "is called Alumbrado. O my friend!" squeezing my hand affectionately, "go take the straightest road."

"That I will, you have given me a very bad character "of that Alumbrado."

"And would not retract a syllable of what I have "wrote."

"Where is he, I have not yet seen him."

"He is abroad."

"I am curious to get acquainted with him."

"Don't come near him, lest he catch you in the same "snare in which he has caught your father."

* Here I have expunged a picture which the painter has drawn of me, with too much partiality.

MARQUIS OF FERRI*A.

"Fear nothing, I shall endeavour to deliver my father "from that shameful captivity."

"O! if you could do it! But be on your guard, lest he "whom you are going to draw out of the pit, drag you "after him into the abyss."

I promised it, and he clasped me in his arms.

Previous to my departure from P---l, I had promised the Marquis to keep a journal, and to insert the most remarkable incidents, which I was to communicate to him after my return. He enquired now after that journal.

"It abounds with remarkable incidents," I replied, "and you will learn strange things on perusing it: I "have not mentioned a syllable of them in my letters to "you, in order to surprise you. However, you must "curb your curiosity till I shall have arranged my pa- "pers."

The Marquis consented to my request.

My noble friend! you will forgive me that artifice. It was a mere pretext, in order to stay your curiosity till the revolution should have taken place; for I had promised the Irishman to observe the strictest silence till then. It was no mistrust that influenced me, but duty imposed upon me by the promise I had made; and the event proved that I acted wisely in doing so.

Four days after my first meeting with my friend, the Irishman stopped me one evening in going home. His eyes flashed like lightning, his features were distorted, his countenance was truly dreadful. "Have you," said he, grinding his teeth, "betrayed the conspiracy to Vascon- "cellos?" "No," I replied. "Have you warned him of "the impending danger in some other manner?" "No." "Have you disclosed the secret to one of your friends?" "To no man living." "Can you pledge your honour for "the truth of your declaration?" "I can."

These questions succeeded each other rapidly, and he left me with equal haste. I was almost petrified at this incident. My astonishment, however, soon gave place to a different sensation, for I concluded from the words, and the perturbation of the Irishman, nothing less than that the plot had been discovered. The intelligence which I gained afterwards seemed to confirm this conjecture. Vasconcellos had left his castle suddenly and crossed the river Ta*o, a circumstance that justly had raised the suspicion of his having discovered the plot through one of his numberless spies, and instantly made preparations for seizing the conspirators. However, this apprehension was refuted that very night. Vasconcellos had only been at a feast, and returned late at night in high spirits, and preceded by a band of musicians, not suspecting that he would be a dead man at that hour the following night. I myself did not imagine that the revolution would break out so soon, although I knew that event to be drawing near. The day following, (December 1, 1640) at eight o'clock in the morning, the conspirators repaired in small divisions from all parts of the town to the Ducal Palace, partly on horseback, and partly on foot, but most of them in coaches or chairs, in order to conceal their arms. The number of noblemen, most of whom were the chiefs of their families, amounted to fifty, and that of the citizens to two hundred. As soon as it had

struck eight by the clock of the cathedral. Pinto Rib**ro, one of the Duke's privy counsellors, gave the last signal for the attack by firing a pistol, and the conspirators marched to the different places of their destination.

Pinto Rib**ro repaired with his troop to the palace of Vascon*ellos, who was so little prepared for the unexpected attack, that he scarcely could get time to conceal himself in a chest. However, he was discovered, saluted with a pistol shot, stabbed with a number of poniards, and thrown out of the window amid the loud exclamation; "The tyrant is dead! long live liberty and King John, the new Sovereign of Port***!"

The populace who were assembled under the windows of the palace, repeated these words with loud acclamations of joy. In order to protect the corpse against the fury of the mob, the society of charity pressed their way thro' the crowd, and carried it away on a bier, which is only used at the burials of slaves.

Meanwhile another troop had penetrated into the palace of the Vice-Queen. The Archbishop of Bra*a, who was with her, and as a near relation of Vasconcel**s, had also been doomed to destruction, was saved with great difficulty from the fury of the conspirators by the intercession of Miguel d'Al*aida. The Vice-Queen turned to the conspirators when they rushed into her apartment, declaring that Vasconcel*los had deserved their hatred, but that they would be treated as rebels if they should proceed a step farther. She however was told, that so many nobles had not assembled merely on account of a wretch who ought to have been executed by the public hangman, but in order to restore the crown to the Duke of Bra—za, who was the lawful owner of it. The Vice-Queen began to talk of the power which she had been entrusted with by the king of Spa*n. The reply was, that no one could be acknowledged as King but John, Duke of B—a. She now offered to run out of the apartment in order to implore the assistance of the people; however, some of the noblemen stopped her, telling her it would be dangerous to suffer her to appear before a people who had been oppressed many years, and were highly exasperated.--- "And what could the people do to me?" she said with scornful looks. "Nothing else but throw your highness out of the window;" one of the noblemen replied. The Archbishop of Bra*a was so much exasperated at this speech, that he seized a sword in order to avenge the Vice-Queen. Almei*a however embraced and entreated him to retire, because he had had great difficulty to persuade the conspirators to spare his life. This discovery disarmed at once the zeal of the Prelate.

Meanwhile the chiefs of the Spani—ds had been seized, and the conspirators requested the Vice-Queen to send an order to the Commander of St. Ge* to surrender; for that castle, which commanded the whole town, was still in the possession of the Spani—ds. The Vice-Queen refused to comply with their request; yet when she was told that her refusal would be the signal for killing all the imprisoned Spani—ds, she drew up the desired order, expecting that no attention would be paid to it. Howe-

ver the commander of the castle, who did not dare to defend himself, executed her order literally, and thus the town was freed of all fear. It is almost incredible how quickly and easily the four troops of the confederates took the posts allotted to them, and gained their aim. But much more astonishing is the readiness and the quickness with which not only the whole kingdom, but also all foreign settlements followed the example of the capital. The revolution no sooner had begun than it was accomplished. It is the only one in its kind, and a similar one never will happen.---The execution of it proves with how much wisdom it has been designed and conducted.

It was, however, like a sudden clap of thunder to my father, and affected him with redoubled force, because it happened so unexpectedly. The slow rising of the tempest, the silent brewing on the political horizon had been concealed from him by his retirement from the world, and even the visible forerunners of it, which at last forced themselves upon his eyes, appeared to him to be nothing but the lightning arising from transient vapours. The sudden eruption of the tempest, and its consequences almost petrified him. His silent stupor soon gave room to the loudest manifestations of his dissatisfaction; and nothing but repeated persuasions to yield to stern necessity and superiority, could prevail upon him to remain quiet.

(To be continued.)

COMPASSION---AN ANECDOTE.

A Respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate; "With whom, sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched; you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, sir," said he; "this is mine---this I can give."

REMARK.

THE wisdom of Solomon has produced few things more just, than that 'we should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.'

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE.

From 'WATKINS' Travels into Swisserland, Italy, Sicily,' &c.

LORENZO MUSATA, a native of Catania, in Sicily, was, in the year 1774, taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerable by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separate from each other. One day, as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in, and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers; and having embraced him with tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation, which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arsena, he heard a voice cry out—'Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo,' and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprize and joy; but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave!—He had been taken by a Genoese galley on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude; and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only repurchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthropy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

ANECDOTE of the celebrated JOHN de WITT.

THIS illustrious pensionary of Holland, when he was one day asked how he could get through with ease the immense load of business, that would oppress most other men; replied, by doing one thing at a time. Another of his maxims, in the conduct of life, and of still more value than all his political ones, was to be careful of his health, but careless of his life. This great man well knew the importance of health to the mental as well as to the corporeal functions, and at the same time was convinced that in certain situations, where the duty to one's country, to one's relations, to one's friends, and to one's self, demands it, that a sacrifice of those is justly and honourably made, and that not to make it is "propter vitam vivendi perdere causam." The manner of life of this great man, was so simple, that though his name appeared by the side of that of emperors and of kings in many public acts, that he used to walk from his own house to that of the States at the Hague, attended only by a single servant, and that one man and one maid-servant composed his whole domestic establishment.

ON IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is a quality of the soul, not only a brilliant but an happy one, for it is more frequently the cause of our happiness, than of our misery; it presents us with more pleasures than vexations, with more hopes than fears. Men of dull and heavy dispositions, who are not affected by any thing, vegetate and pass their lives in a kind of tranquillity, but without pleasure or delight; like animals which see, feel, and taste nothing, but that which is under their eyes, paws, or teeth; but the imagination, which is proper to man, transports us beyond ourselves, and makes us taste future and the most distant pleasures. Let us not be told, that it makes us also foresee evils, pains, and accidents, which will perhaps never arrive: it is seldom that imagination carries us to these panic fears, unless it be deranged by physical causes. The sick man sees dark phantoms, and has melancholy ideas; the man in health has no dreams but such as are agreeable; and as we are more frequently in a good, than a bad state of health, our natural state is to desire, to hope, and to enjoy. It is true, that the imagination, which gives us some agreeable moments, exposes us, when once we are undeceived, to others which are painful. There is no person who does not wish to preserve his life, his health, and his property; but the imagination represents to us our life, as a thing which ought to be very long; our health established and unchangeable; and our fortune inexhaustible: when the two latter of these illusions cease before the former, we are much to be pitied.

REMARK.

A Man who pretends to know every thing, never knows any thing. A man of general information, as he is called, has, in reality, never any upon a particular subject.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.

(Continued from page 153.)

I BEGAN my march about ten o'clock.---At midnight we surprised our enemies in their camp. Never was a defeat more complete; we killed seven hundred men; we took nine hundred prisoners; we seized all their cannon, the military chest, and the ammunition.

At break of day Pulaski marched out to join me with the remainder of the troops: he brought Lodoiska along with him: we were married in Pulaski's tent. All the camp resounded with songs of gladness: valour and beauty were celebrated in joyous epithalamiums: it seemed to be the festival of Venus and Mars; and it might be truly said, that every soldier appeared to be impressed with the same sentiments as myself, and that they all partook of my happiness.

After I had given up the first days of so dear an union entirely to love, I began to think of recompensing the heroic fidelity of Boleslas. My father-in-law presented him with one of his castles, situate at some leagues from the capital; and Lodoiska and myself added to this princely donation a considerable sum in ready money, on purpose to enable him to lead an independent and tranquil life.

He first refused to leave us; but we commanded him to go and take possession of his castle, and live peaceably in that honourable retreat which his services had so amply merited. On the day of his departure I took him aside:--- "You must go in my name," said I, "and wait upon our monarch at Warsaw: inform him that I am united in the bonds of Hymen to the daughter of Pulaski: state to him that I am armed on purpose to chase out of his kingdom those foreigners who are ravaging it; and tell him, in particular, that Lovzinski, a foe to the Russians, is not the enemy of his King."

The recital of our operations during eight succeeding years of bloody war would be uninteresting.---Sometimes vanquished; much oftener victorious; equally great in the midst of a defeat, as formidable after a victory, and always superior to events, Pulaski attracted and fixed the attention of all Europe, whom he astonished by his long and vigorous resistance. Obligated to abandon one province, he made incursions into, and performed new prodigies of valour in another: and it was thus that, in marching successively throughout all the palatinates, he signalized in each of them, by some glorious exploit, that eternal hatred which he had sworn against the enemies of Poland.

Wife of a warrior, daughter of a hero, accustomed to the tumult of a camp, Lodoiska accompanied us every where. Of five children which she had borne me, an only daughter alone remained to us, about eighteen months old. One day, after a most obstinate engagement, the

victorious Russians precipitated themselves towards my tent, on purpose to plunder it. Pulaski and myself, followed by some nobles, flew to the defence of Lodoiska, whom we saved with difficulty: my daughter, however, had been carried off.

This lovely child, by a sage precaution which her mother had wisely made use of in those times of intestine commotion, had the arms of our family impressed, by means of a chemical preparation, under her left breast: but my search after my daughter has hitherto been ineffectual. Alas! Dorliska, my dear Dorliska, either exists in slavery, or exists no more!

This loss affected me with the most lively sorrow. Pulaski, however, appeared almost insensible to my misfortunes; either because his mind was occupied at this moment with the great project which he soon after communicated to me, or because the miseries of his country alone could affect his stoic heart. He, as usual, re-assembled the remains of his army, takes possession of an advantageous post, employs several days in fortifying, and maintains himself in it for three whole months, against all the efforts of the Russians.

It, however, became at length necessary that he should abandon this situation, as provisions were beginning to be scarce.---Pulaski, on this occasion, came to my tent; and, having ordered every one to retire, when we alone remained, he addressed me as follows:

"Lovzinski, I have just reason for complaining of your conduct. Formerly you supported, along with me, the burden of command, and I was enabled to divide with my son-in-law a part of my laborious avocations: but, for these two last months, you do nothing but weep; you sigh like a woman! You have abandoned me in a critical moment, when your assistance was become the most necessary! You see how I am attacked on all sides; I fear not for myself; I am not unhappy for my own life: but if we perish, the state has no longer any defenders.

"Awake, Lovzinski! how nobly you once participated in my cares! Do not now remain the useless witness of them. We are indeed bathed in Russian blood: our fellow citizens are avenged; but they are not saved: nay, even in a short time we may be able no longer to defend them."

"You astonish me, Pulaski! Whence these sinister auguries?"

"I am not alarmed without reason. Consider our present position: I am forced to awaken in every heart the love of its country; I have found no where but degenerate men born for slavery, or weak ones, who, although penetrated with a sense of their own misfortunes, have bounded all their views to barren complaints.

"Some true citizens are, indeed, ranged under my standards; but eight long and bloody campaigns have lessened their number, and almost extinguished them. I become enfeebled by my very victories;---our enemies appear more numerous after their defeats."

"I repeat to you, Pulaski, once more, that you astonish me! In circumstances no less disastrous, no less unhappy, than the present, I have beheld you sustain yourself by your courage.

"Do you think that it now abandons me? True valour does not consist in being blind to danger, but in braving it after it has been foreseen. Our enemies prepare for my defeat; however, if you choose, Lovzinski, the very day which they point out for their triumph shall perhaps be that destined to record their ruin, and achieve the safety of our fellow-citizens!"

"If I choose! Can you doubt my sentiments? Speak! what would you have done?"

"To strike the boldest stroke that I ever meditated! Forty chosen men are assembled at Czenstachow along with Kaluvski, whose bravery is well known; they want a chief, able, firm, intrepid---It is you whom I have chosen."

"Pulaski, I am ready."

"I will not dissemble to you the danger of the enterprise; the event is doubtful, and, if you do not succeed, your ruin is inevitable."

"I tell you that I am ready, therefore explain yourself."

"You are not ignorant, that scarce four thousand men now fight under my command: with these undoubtedly I have still an opportunity of tormenting our enemies; but with such feeble means, I dare not hope to be ever able to force them to leave our provinces. All the nobility would flock beneath our banners, if the King were in my camp."

"What do you say? Can you hope that the King would ever consent to repair hither?"

"No: but he must be forced to do so."

"Forced!"

"Yes! I know that an ancient friendship connects you with M. de P——: but since you have supported, along with Pulaski, the cause of liberty, you know also that you ought to sacrifice every thing to the good of your country; that an interest so sacred——"

"I know my duty, and I am ready to fulfil it; but what is it that you now propose to me? The King never leaves Warsaw."

"True; and it is, therefore, at Warsaw that you must go and find him: it is from the heart of the capital that he must be forced."

"What preparations have you made for so great an enterprise?"

"You behold yon Russian army, three times as strong as mine, and which has been encamped three months in sight of us: its General, tranquil at present within his entrenchments, impatiently waits until, forced by famine, I shall surrender myself at discretion."

"Behind my camp are marshes which he thinks impracticable: the moment that it is night, we shall traverse them. I have disposed of every thing in such a manner that the enemy will be deceived, and not perceive my retreat until it is too late. I hope therefore to be able to steal more than an hour's march upon them, and, if fortune seconds me, perhaps a whole day. I shall advance straight forward to Warsaw by the great road that leads to the capital, notwithstanding the efforts of the little Russian bands who hover continually in its neighbourhood. I shall either encounter and conquer these separately, or, if they form a junction on purpose to stop

my progress, I shall at least be able to occupy their attention in such a manner that they will not be able to impede your operations."

"In the mean time, Lovzinski, you will have preceded me. Your forty followers disguised, and armed only with sabres, poniards and pistols concealed under their clothes, shall have arrived at Warsaw by different roads. You must wait there until the King has left his palace; you are then to carry him off, and to bring him to my camp. The enterprise is bold---rash, if you please so to term it: the march to Warsaw is difficult; the stay in it dangerous; the return from it extremely perilous. If you are vanquished, if you are taken prisoner, you will perish, Lovzinski, but you will perish a martyr to liberty! and Pulaski, jealous of so glorious an end, fighting at being obliged to survive you, shall send Russians, thousands of Russians, to accompany you to the tomb!"

"But on the contrary, if an all-powerful Deity; if a God, the protector of Poland, has inspired me with this hardy project, to terminate her evils; if thy good fortune shall procure a success equal to thy courage, what a glorious prosperity will be achieved by means of this noble daring!"

"M. de P*** will not see in my camp, other than citizen-soldiers, the foes of foreigners, but still faithful to their king: under my patriotic tents, he will respire, as it were, the air of liberty, and the love of his country: the enemies of the state shall become his; our brave nobility, ashamed of their indolence, will readily combat under the royal banners, for the common cause; the Russians shall either be cut in pieces, or be obliged to pass the frontiers---my friend, in thee thy country shall behold her saviour!"

* * * * *

Pulaski kept his word. That very night he accomplished his retreat, with equal skill and success, by traversing the marshes in profound silence. "My friend," said my father-in-law to me, as soon as we were out of the reach of the enemy, "it is now time that you should leave us. I know well that my daughter has more courage than another woman; but she is a tender wife, and an unfortunate mother. Her tears will affect you, and you will lose in her embraces that strength of mind, that dignity of soul, which now becomes more necessary to you than ever: I advise you, therefore, to be gone, without bidding her farewell."

(To be continued.)

HUMANITY.

As pain is what we are all naturally averse to, our own sensibility of it should teach us to commiserate it in others, not wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. But the absurd barbarity of our prejudices and customs often leads us to transgress this rule.—When we are under apprehension that we ourselves shall be the sufferers of pain, we naturally shrink back at the very idea of it: we can then abominate it, we detest it with horror; we plead hard for mercy; and we feel that *we can feel*. But when man is out of the question, humanity sleeps, and the heart grows callous.

INSTANCE OF BENEVOLENCE.

A GENTLEMAN, being at Marfeilles, hired a boat with an intention of sailing for pleasure; he entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the vessel, and learned, that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious disposition; "Oh! sir," said the young men, "if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth; purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary, but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word, that he is luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity; but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it; he adds, that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented, that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving by every honest means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in the occupation of watermen." The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure, made them a handsome present.

Some months afterwards the young men being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their father, who threw himself into their arms; exclaiming, at the same time that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger, to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the sum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu."

RETROSPECTION.

Happy is it for those who have committed material errors, if they have the inclination and opportunity of seriously reflecting and repenting; but still more happy are those who can (as far as human frailty will permit) look back with satisfaction on their past life, and thus avoid the misery of bitter reflections, which is an almost insupportable addition to the natural calamities of this world. A lady once said to a pious friend, "I should like to die your death, but I should not like to live your life;" meaning, that it was too dull and insipid for her.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. CEPHAS ROSS, to Miss MARY BOWMAN, both of this city.

On Saturday se'nnight, at Greenwich, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. NEHEMIAH DENTON, of Brooklyn, (L. I.) to Miss ELIZA BERTIS, daughter of Mr. Peter Bertis of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. MICHAEL SHATZEL, of this city, to Miss BARBARA WOOD, of Harvestraw.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Coles, Mr. JAMES MITCHELL, of Doris, to Miss RHODA HALL, daughter of Darius Hall, Esq. of Oak-Neck, Oyster Bay, (L. I.)

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Phœbus, Mr. THOMAS SEAMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH LOWREY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, JACOB HOCHSTRASSER, Esq. of Albany, to Miss ELIZA T. MILLER, of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, GEORGE SIMPSON, Esq. to Miss MARY PENN, both late of England, now of this City.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 12th to the 19th inst.

	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6. A. M.	3. P. M.	deg. 100	6.	3.	6.	3.
Nov. 13	36	50	50	ne	sw.	clear cloudy, lt. wind calm.	
14	47		50	nw.	s.	cloudy do. light wind do.	
15	48		52 75	s.	sw.	foggy do. lt. wd. do. fm. rn.	
16	43		43	nw.	n.	clear do. high wind dist.	
17	26	50	40	ne.	e.	clear cloudy, light wind do.	
18	46	50	50 50	sw	s.	cloudy cr. do. lt wd fm. rn.	
19	40		56 75	s.	do.	foggy clear, light wind do.	

SONNET TO MARIA.

How oft, dear maid, enamour'd bards have sung,
The blooming beauties of their fav'rite fair;
Petrarch to Laura's charms his lyre has strung,
And Prior's muse oft braided Cloe's hair.

Let others sing the cheek, whose roseate hue
Transcends the blushing beauties of the rose,
The lip, like cherries dipt in balmy dew,
From whence a breath more sweet than violets flows.

Whilst I, a youthful bard, to fleeting fame,
And flattery's menial arts alike unknown;
All common-place analogy disclaim,
Comparing you—unto yourself alone:
For who but folly's sons would needle's toil,
To place the sterling gem beneath the foil?

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE POOR MAN'S ADDRESS TO WINTER.

O H stay a while—unfeeling Winter—grant
A little respite to a hapless wretch;
Who now, though doom'd to misery and want,
On the bare ground his weary limbs can stretch.

He now, when bath'd in night's unhealthful dews,
Can point his bosom to the solar ray;
That friendly ray shall warmth and life infuse,
And with its cheerful influence bless the day.

He now, at "stern necessity's command,"
Can roam in quest of his precarious food;
Claim a small pittance from some generous hand,
And for a moment feel each pang subdu'd.

But when thy snows and biting frosts descend,
Where shall he lay his unprotected head?
What blazing hearth its welcome flames shall lend,
What careful hand prepare the needful bed?

And how, when Famine shews his haggard face?
Shall these frail knees assay the treacherous ice;
How bear me safely to some distant place,
Amid the cruel sports of youthful vice?

And oh! how oft shall anguish rend this breast,
When luxury shall pass triumphant by,
In all the pride of costly ermine dress,
And cast on poverty a scornful eye.

But keener pangs, alas! this heart shall feel,
When some poor partner in affliction's lot
Shall scenes of equal misery reveal,
And pour of deep despair the mournful note.

Oh then, how freely would this hand bestow
A little aid to soothe a brother's grief,
Wipe the moist traces from the cheek of woe,
And send to every want a kind relief!

But e'en this comfort cruel fate denies,
And nought but powerless pity can I give;
Still doom'd to hear the wretch's piercing cries,
To hear—and, oh distraction! not relieve.

Then yet a while, unfeeling Winter, rest
Thy hoary head on Zembla's frozen lap—
But hark! I hear from far thy voice unblest,
And see thy thick'ning storms the heavens enwrap.

Oh! then, in dreadful pity aim thy blow:
Let thy keen blasts congeal this vital stream,
Then o'er these limbs thy snowy mantle throw,
More useful far than Sol's refulgent beam.

Thus let me leave a world of care and strife,
And wake to scenes of everlasting life.

MONIMIA.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

SPORTIVE Bacchus, hail to thee,
Wine's supreme divinity!
Bards mistaken oft have sung
Thee, for ever blithe and young,
Jovial, ruddy, gay and free,
Always fraught with mirth and glee,
Blest with power to impart
Balm that heals the wounded heart!

Shall brain-wove fiction then alone inspire
The enraptur'd poet's adulating lays?
If heav'n-born Truth attune her golden lyre,
Where are his boasted honours, where his bays?
Like conscious guilt, which seeks the shades of night,
They fly from truth's investigating light.

Now let the god himself appear,
Midst all the sport of mingled dance:
What sounds discordant strike mine ear,
As Bacchus and his crew advance.

Behold! the god approaching nigh,
His face with deadly paleness fraught,
No pleasure sparkling in his eye;
A thinking being void of thought.

And next his car, lo! madd'ning rage,
(Prepar'd on rape or murder to engage)
High brandishes his angry arm,
And spreads around the dire alarm.

While white-robed Virtue, child of Heav'n!
Whose pow'rs untainted joys obtain,
By noise and dissipation driv'n,
Fearfully flies the giddy train.

Reason, fair Virtue's bright compeer!
Beholds and joins her rapid flight,
Intent to seek some happier sphere,
Where mirth and innocence unite.

Still as they go, with pitying eye
They view the Bacchanalian crew,
For these they heave the parting sigh,
And kindly look their last adieu.

Next dire diseases crowd his train,
With inexhausted hoards of woe;
Fever replete with burning pain,
Lingering consumptions, sure tho' slow.

And last, to close the horrid scene,
With haggard eye, and frightful mien,
Lo! the grim tyrant Death appears;
A ghastly smile his visage wears,
Whilst in his hand exultingly he shews;
Emblem of timeless fate! the wither'd half-blown rose.

If such th' attendants which belong
To Bacchus, "roseate god of wine,"
O make me, rose-lipp'd Temp'rance, thine,
And shield me from so dire a throng—
Till youth, with all its joys are flown,
And age has mark'd me for his own.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN BULL, No. 115, CHERRY-STREET, where every Kind of Printing Work
executed with the utmost Accuracy, Elegance and Dispatch.—SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 2s. per month)
are taken in at the Printing-Office, and by E. MITCHELL, Bookseller, No. 9, Maiden-Lane.